

# A Tale of Two Little Engines

## Together they could!



As told by Marc Buchanan

Illustrated by Dale Beisel



A hopeful little engine faces a tough challenge ahead. Will it find some help along the way?

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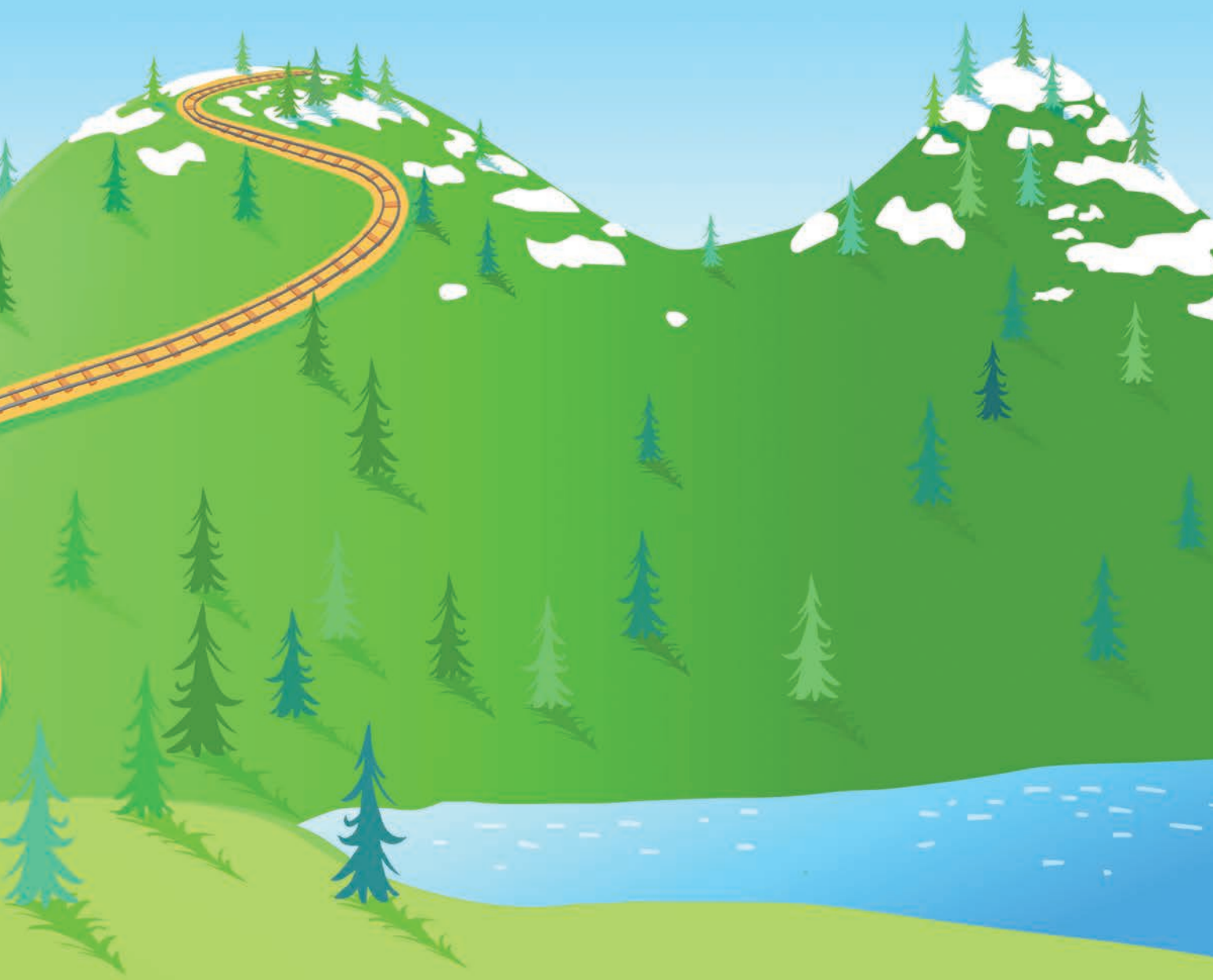


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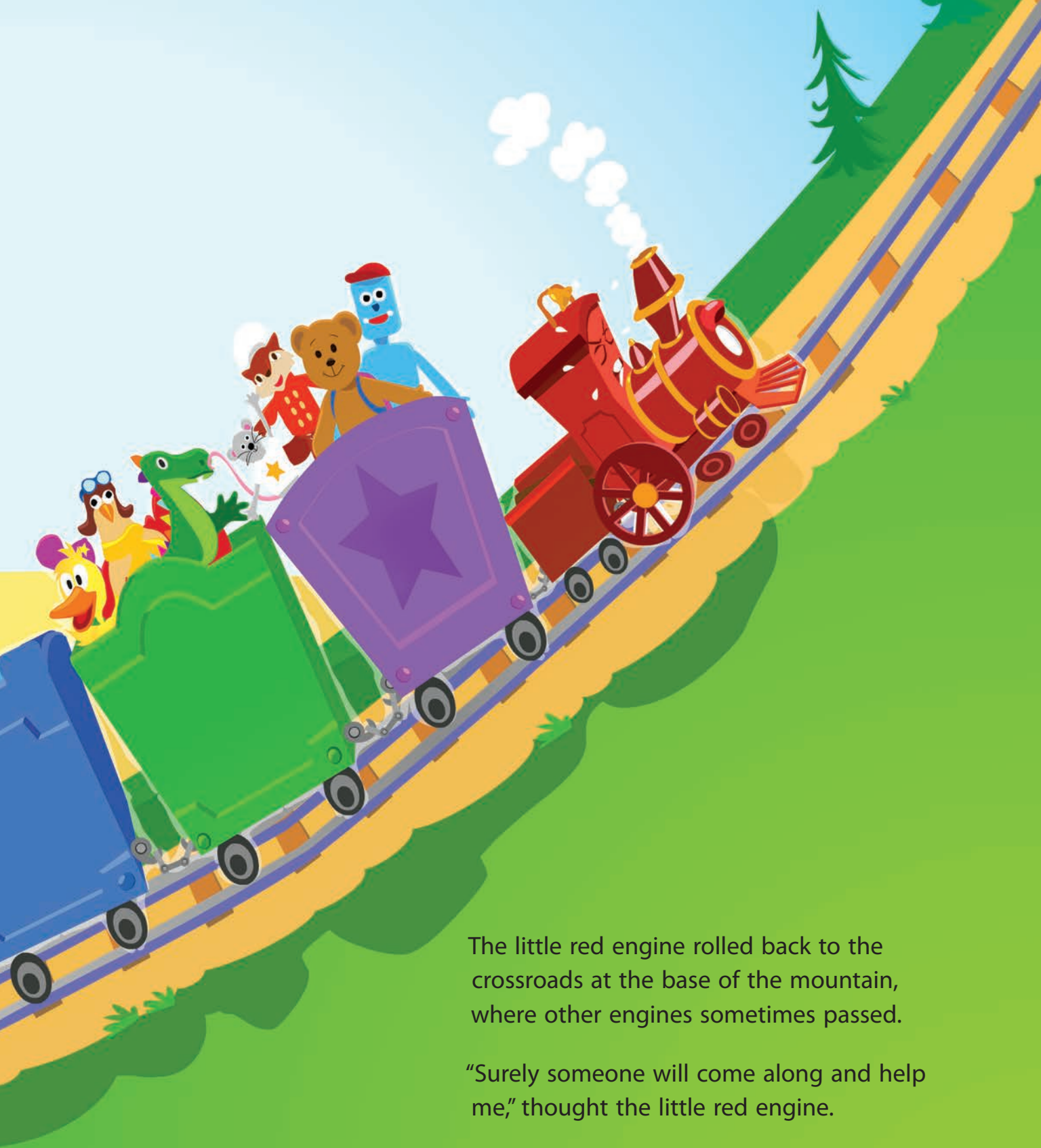


A little red engine was pulling a long train of cars full of toys and books. The toys and books were for children who lived on the other side of a steep mountain. The little red engine chugged along confidently until the mountain became too steep to go any farther.

The little red engine tugged and tugged with all its might. The little red engine huffed and puffed!

No matter how hard it tried, it could not pull its long train of cars any farther.





The little red engine rolled back to the crossroads at the base of the mountain, where other engines sometimes passed.

“Surely someone will come along and help me,” thought the little red engine.



Soon a shiny new engine came by. This engine looked very strong, so the little red engine asked, "Will you help me pull my train of cars over the mountain? I need to deliver this load of toys and books to the children on the other side."

The shiny new engine looked down at the little red engine and answered, "Don't you see that I am finished with my day's work? I am shined and polished for tomorrow's run. I do not want to get dirty again. Sorry, I cannot help you." The shiny new engine quickly went on its way.







After a while, a grand old engine came along.  
It huffed and puffed, as if it were very tired.

The little red engine asked the grand old engine,  
“Will you help me pull my train of cars over the  
mountain? I need to deliver this load of toys and  
books to the children on the other side.”



The grand old engine looked toward the little red engine and answered, "I have just finished a long, long run. Don't you see how tired I am? Please get some other engine to help you."


The grand old engine slowly huffed and puffed on its way.



After a while, a little blue engine came along. This engine was small, just like the little red engine.







It seemed useless to ask the little blue engine for help, but the little red engine asked anyway.

“Little blue engine, will you help me over the mountain with my long train of cars? It is so heavy. I can’t pull it over myself.”

“Yes indeed!” said the little blue engine. “I’ll be glad to help you, if I can.”



The two little engines worked as a team.

The little red engine went to the head of the train of cars, and the little blue engine went to the end of it.





Puff, puff! Chug, chug! Choo, choo! Off they started.

Slowly the cars began to move. Slowly they climbed the steep mountainside.





As they climbed, the two little engines  
chanted together:

“I-think-we-can! I-think-we-can!  
I-think-we-can! I-think-we-can!  
I-think-we-can! I-think-we-can!  
I-think-we-can!”

And they did!

Soon they reached the snowy mountaintop.



As they chugged joyfully down the other side, the two little engines chanted:

“I-knew-we-could! I-knew-we-could!  
I-knew-we-could! I-knew-we-could!  
I-knew-we-could! I-knew-we-could!  
I-knew-we-could!”

When they reached the bottom of the mountain, the little red engine could pull the train of cars on its own.

“Thank you, little blue engine!” the little red engine said. The little blue engine said goodbye, “Toot, toot!” and continued cheerfully on its way.







The little red engine reached the children at last, pulling the long train of cars loaded with toys and books.

Everyone was happy.





## About the Author

Marc Buchanan lives in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where he enjoys the smell of pine trees and the rumble of afternoon thunderstorms. He loves hiking, reading adventure stories, and pie.

## About the Illustrator

Dale grew up in Royal Oak, Michigan, where his father worked as a car designer for a large automobile company. His mother and father supplied him with plenty of inspiration and crayons. He has enjoyed drawing silly pictures ever since opening his first box! Today, Dale resides outside of San Francisco, California, with his wife Armen. He still draws silly pictures, many of them for Starfall. Sometimes Armen has to remind him not to draw on the walls!



